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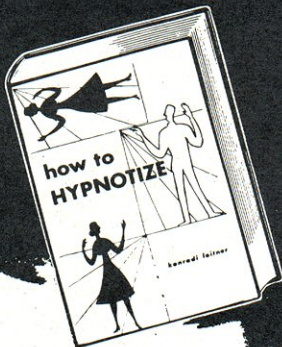
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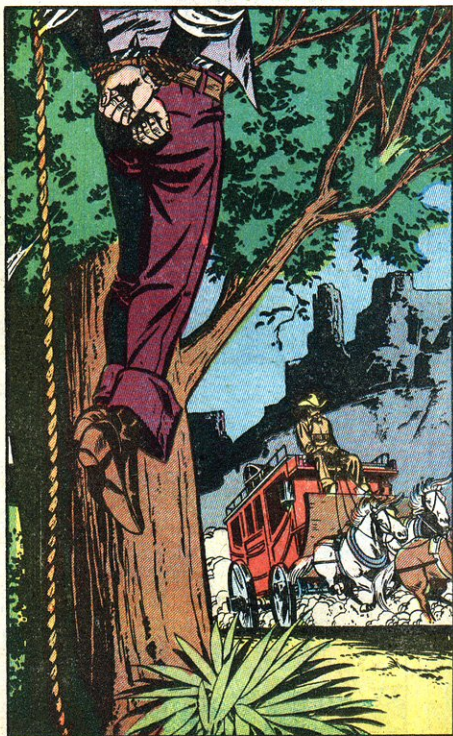
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the DURANGO KID



STEVE BRAND—ALIAS
THE DURANGO KID—AND HIS
 SIDEKICK, MULEY PIKE, ARE ON THE STAGECOACH. WHEN THE STAGE JOLTS TO A
 STOP, THEY WILL FIND THEMSELVES FACING A NEW AND GRISLY HORROR—WHICH IS JUST THE
 FIRST ACT TO THE GRIM DRAMA OF TERROR AND VENGEANCE THAT UNFOLDS WHEN THEY TANGLE
 SIX-GUNS WITH THE

"HANGMAN'S LAW"



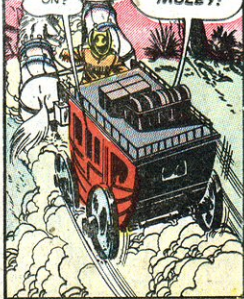
YES, I'M A REPORTER JUST OUT OF
 JOURNALISM SCHOOL. JIM
 HARKNESS, EDITOR OF
 THE RED HOOK TRIBUNE,
 INVITED ME TO COME
 DOWN AND GET MY
 EXPERIENCE ON
 HIS PAPER.

I RECKON,
 MR. GARNETT—
 THAT YOU'LL
 GET ENOUGH
 EXPERIENCE
 TO LAST YOU
 FOR THE REST
 OF YOUR LIFE!



HEY! PRETTY
 SUDDEN STOP!
 WHAT'S GOING
 ON?

MIGHT BE
 A HOLDUP!
 GRAB IRON,
 MULEY!



THE DURANGO KID



GOOD HEAVENS!

THERE'S A NOTE PINNED TO HIS CHEST...

LIFE JUST AIN'T HEALTHY FOR THEM THAT OPPOSES THE NOOSE

"THE NOOSE" IS A VIGILANTE LYNCH GANG THET'S BEEN TERRORIZIN' THUH TOWN FER A LONG SPELL. HARKNESS WUZ ON THEIR TRAIL—AN' HE SAID HE WUZ GOIN' THUH PUBLISH THUH NAMES O' THUH LYNCH LEADERS IN HIS PAPER TODAY. I'D SAY HE JEST NEVER GOT AROUND THUH IT!



THAT'S A GOOD CHANCE IT **WILL** BE THE LAST THING YOU DO!

MULEY AND I WILL SIDE YOU, GARNETT. YOU CAN COUNT ON US! LET'S GET INTO TOWN AND TAKE A LOOK AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE.



LATER... AT THE TRIBUNE OFFICE...

THEY SHORE DID A JOB, ALL RIGHT!

IT'LL BE SOME TASK TO GET A CLUE OUT OF ALL THIS!



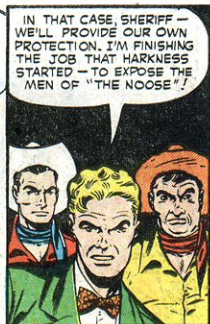
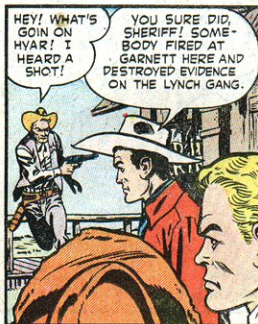
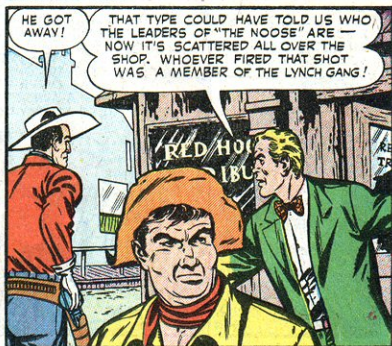
HEY, WHUT'S THIS? HVAR'S SOME TYPE THET AIN'T ALL SCRAMBLED UP. CAIN'T READ IT THOUGH—IT'S UPSIDE DOWN AN' BACKWARDS BESIDES!

THAT MUST HAVE BEEN WHAT HARKNESS WAS SETTING WHEN HE WAS ATTACKED... HEY, GARNETT, CAN YOU READ THIS?

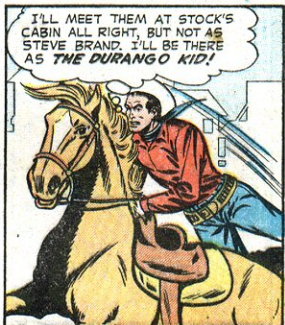
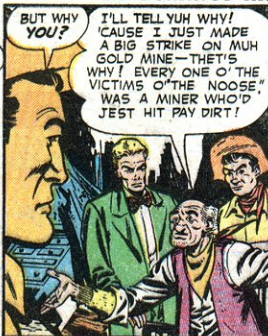


THIS IS THE WAY TYPE IS SET BY HAND—SURE I CAN READ IT. IT SAYS—"THE SNEAK LEADERS OF THIS HANGMAN MOB ARE..."

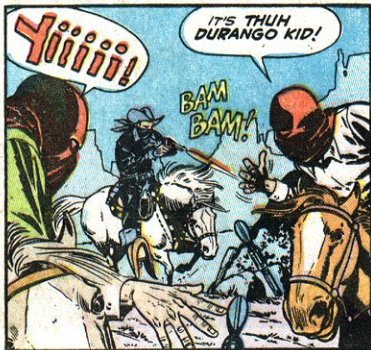
THE DURANGO KID



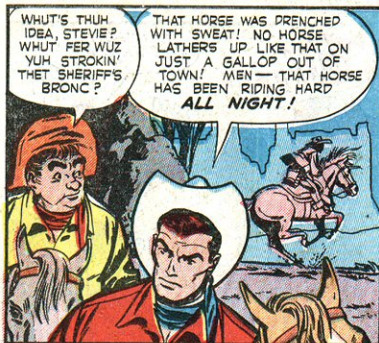
THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



WHAT'S THUH
IDEA, STEVIE?
WHUT FER WUZ
YUH STROKIN'
THET SHERIFF'S
BRONC?

THAT HORSE WAS DRENCHED
WITH SWEAT! NO HORSE
LATHERS UP LIKE THAT ON
JUST A GALLOP OUT OF
TOWN! MEN— THAT HORSE
HAS BEEN RIDING HARD
ALL NIGHT!



YUH
MEAN—?

WHATEVER I
MEAN, THERE'S
NO PROOF AS
YET. AND WE
MUST HAVE PROOF.
WHAT WE HAVE TO
FIND OUT IS **WHO**
TOOK OVER THE
MINES OF THE
LYNCH VICTIMS!



AND THERE'S ONLY
ONE PLACE TO FIND
THAT OUT—**THE LAW**
OFFICE! COME ON,
MEN—WE'RE GONNA
DO A BIT OF OWL-
HOOT WORK OUR-
SELVES!

A SHORT TIME LATER...
THE LAW OFFICE.

STEVIE! THIS IS IT! THE
GOLD MINES OF EVERY
SINGLE VICTIM WERE
TAKEN OVER EITHER
BY THE SHERIFF OR
THE TOWN LAWYER!



RIGHT! AND
THEY'RE THE
RICHEST MEN
IN TOWN
BECAUSE OF
THAT! LYNCH
TERROR SURE
PAID OFF FOR
THEM!



THIS IS DYNAMITE, STEVE!
I'M GOING TO GET THOSE
PRESSES RUNNING AGAIN.
I'LL PRINT THIS INFORMATION
IN TOMORROW'S EDITION
OF THE
RED HOOK
TRIBUNE!

WE'LL HELP
YUH GIT ALL
THET SRAMBLD
TYPE TOGETHER!
WOW!



THIS IS IT, MEN!
IT'LL BLOW THIS
TOWN WIDE OPEN!

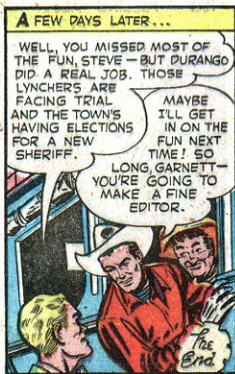
RED HOOK TRIBUNE
PROVE SHERIFF
AND LAWYER LEAD
LYNCH MOB



THET PAPER AIN'T NEVER
GONNA SEE DAYLIGHT, HOMBRES—
AN' NEITHER ARE YOU!
GIT 'EM, MEN!

"THE
NOOSE!"

THE DURANGO KID



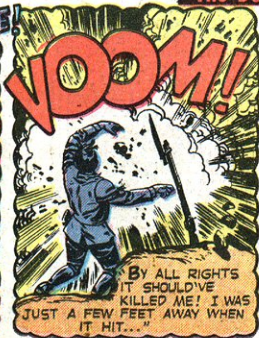


SEE THAT SCARED KID UP FRONT? THAT'S ME - JIM BURLEIGH. SCARED? SURE WAS! WAR'S A ROTTEN THING AND THERE AIN'T A MAN WHO AIN'T SCARED. I RECKON I HAD A FEELING ABOUT WHAT WAS COMIN'. BUT THEN—I HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING THE PART **THE DURANGO KID** WOULD PLAY IN"

"The Death I Almost Died!"



THAT SHELL WAS MARKED FOR ME — JIM BURLEIGH...



BY ALL RIGHTS IT SHOULD'VE KILLED ME! I WAS JUST A FEW FEET AWAY WHEN IT HIT...



PHYSICALLY, HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT—WHOEVER HE IS! THE CONCUSSION CAUSED COMPLETE LOSS OF MEMORY—HE CAN'T REMEMBER HIS NAME—HIS HOME—NOTHING! AND ALL IDENTIFICATION WAS DESTROYED!

"...BUT I RECKON FATE HAD ANOTHER KIND OF DEATH STAKED OUT FOR ME!"

THE DURANGO KID

IT TOOK A COUPLE OF YEARS FOR ME TO FIGHT MY WAY BACK TO HEALTH. AND THEN...

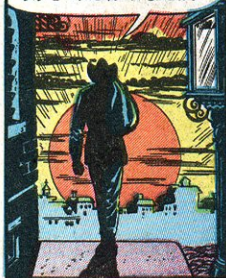
WELL, IT'S OVER NOW—BUT WHERE DO I GO? WHERE'S HOME? WHO AM I? IF I COULD ONLY REMEMBER! WHO—EVER I WAS—IS GULP—DEAD!



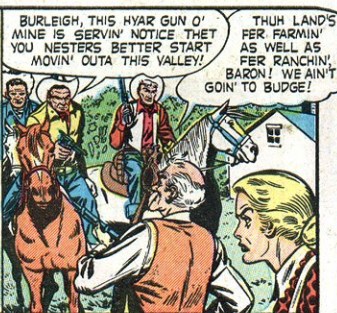
THERE'S ONLY ONE CLUE—THIS TORN SCRAP OF A LETTER THAT WAS FOUND IN MY RIPPED UNIFORM. ALL IT SHOWS IS PART OF AN ADDRESS—RED HOOK! AND THE WAY I TALK TELLS ME I COME FROM OUT WEST...



I'LL HEAD WEST... FIND RED HOOK...MAYBE SOMETHING SOMEBODY IN THAT TOWN CAN TELL ME WHO I AM. I SURE WONDER—DID I HAVE A FAMILY? DID I HAVE A—A GIRL...?



THERE WERE MONTHS OF SEARCHING FOR RED HOOK. BUT IN RED HOOK, THINGS WERE HAPPENING...



BURLEIGH, THIS HYAR GUN O' MINE IS SERVIN' NOTICE THAT YOU NESTERS BETTER START MOVIN' OUTA THIS VALLEY!

THUH LAND'S FER FARMIN' AS WELL AS FER RANCHIN', BARON! WE AIN'T GOIN' TO BUDGE!

MAYBE YUH AIN'T GONNA BUDGE, BURLEIGH—AFTER I SHOOT YUH! I AIN'T GONNA STAND FER NOBODY FARMIN' THIS RANGE—LAW OR NO LAW! GIT READY TUH DIE, STRANGER!



DROP THOSE GUNS, BARON! I HEARD YOU WERE UP TO YOUR TRICKS AGAIN! AND I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!

DURANGO!
YIIII!!



YOU MAY BE BOSS OF YOUR OWN RANCH, BARON—BUT NOT OF THE WHOLE COUNTRY! THIS LAND'S BEEN OPENED TO FARMERS BY THE GOVERNMENT. NOW START MOVING—FAST!

THIS AIN'T THE LAST YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME, DURANGO! THAT GOES FOR YOU TOO, BURLEIGH!

THE DURANGO KID

THANK YUH KINDLY, DURANGO, FER YORE HELP. I GUESS I WOULDN'T BE NEEDIN' NO HELP IF ONLY MY SON JIM WERE BACK. WITH ME AG'IN!

THEY REPORTED JIM AS "MISSING" IN THUH WAR. BUT MYRA AN' ME— WE JEST CAINT BELIEVE HE'S DAID. KEEP HOPIN' HE'LL SHOW UP SOME DAY, JIM WAS GOIN' THUH MARRY MYRA...

IN THE MEANTIME, BARON AND HIS MEN HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THE SALOON...

ONLY ONE THING FER US THU DO, MEN! I'M GOIN' THU HIRE A PASSEL O' GUNRIDERS, AN' DECLARE **OPEN WAR** ON THEM NESTERS AN' THUH DURANGO KID!

HOW ABOUT THET HOMBRE, BOSS? AIN'T SEEN HIM AROUND BEFORE.

HE SHORE LOOKS MEAN AN' TOUGH ENOUGH... **HEY, YOU!**

YOU CALLIN' ME, MISTER?

YUH LOOK LIKE YUH KIN HANDLE A SHOOTIN'-IRON, MISTER— AN' I NEED GUNRIDERS. HOW ABOUT WORKIN' FER ME? I PAY DOUBLE RIDIN' PAY AN' DOUBLE SHOOTIN' PAY. YUH LOOK LIKE YUH COULD USE THUH MONEY— HOW ABOUT IT?

WHY NOT? HERE I'VE BEEN IN RED HOOK TWO DAYS AND NOTHING COMES BACK TO ME— NOTHING! I'LL NEVER FIND MYSELF. I'M DESPERATE—BITTER! ALL I KNOW IS HOW TO SHOOT AND FIGHT— THE ARMY TAUGHT ME THAT. MIGHT JUST AS WELL MAKE SOME MONEY OUT OF IT, I RECKON...

IF THERE'S MONEY IN IT, MISTER, I'M YOUR MAN! I'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE— NOTHING! NOT EVEN A NAME!

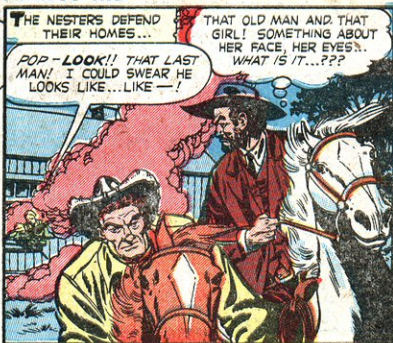
GREAT! YORE SADDLE-TRAMP DAYS IS OVER, HOMBRE. C'MON, GENTS, LET'S ROUND US UP SOME MORE MEN— AND WE **RIDE TONIGHT!**

THE DURANGO KID



THAT NIGHT...! SO THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN HIRED TO DO! I DON'T LIKE IT—BUT SHUCKS, WHAT'S IT TO ME ANYWAY! I'M NOTHING, NOBODY! AN OUTCAST—A LOST SOUL...

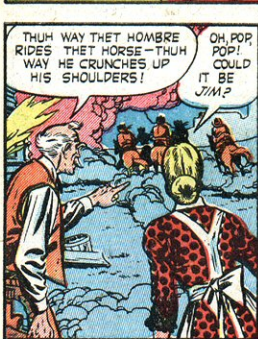
NO SHOOTIN' TONIGHT, MEN—WE JEST SET FIRE TO THUH BARN AND SKEDADDLE! HIT AN' RUN!



THE NESTERS DEFEND THEIR HOMES...

POP—LOOK!! THAT LAST MAN! I COULD SWEAR HE LOOKS LIKE...LIKE—!

THAT OLD MAN AND THAT GIRL! SOMETHING ABOUT HER FACE, HER EYES... WHAT IS IT...???



THUH WAY THET HOMBRE RIDES THET HORSE—THUH WAY HE CRUNCHES-UP HIS SHOULDERS!

OH, POP, POP! COULD IT BE JIM?

STEADY, MYRA HONEY—IT JIST **CAIN'T** BE JIM. JIM NEVER WORE NO MUSTACHE AN' BEARD LIKE THET. AN' JIM SHORE WOULDN'T BE RIDIN' WITH VIGILANTE CATTLEMEN—SETTIN' FIRE TUH HIS OLE POP'S BARN! WE'RE JIST **SEEN'** THINGS!



I SAW THE FLAMES—AND CAME AS FAST AS I COULD!...SO—IT'S **OPEN WAR!** WHICH WAY DID THEY GO, POP?

TOOK OFF OVER THET HILL, DURANGO. MUST BE HEADIN' BACK TO BARON'S RANCH!

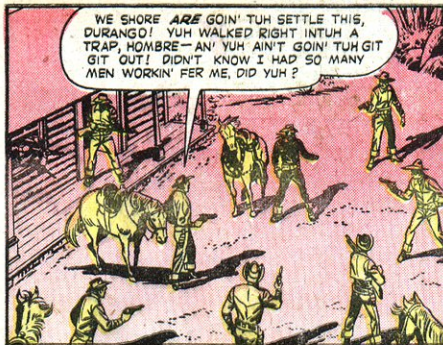


RIDE, RAIDER—RIDE! BARON'S GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME—AND HE'S GOING TO GET HIS EARS PINNED BACK! **RIDE!**



DURANGO!

BARON—WE'RE GOING TO SETTLE THIS—**RIGHT NOW...**

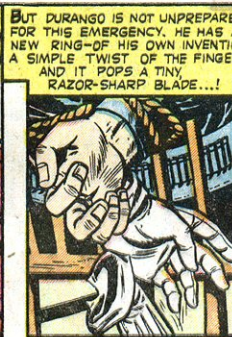


WE SHORE **ARE** GOIN' TUH SETTLE THIS, DURANGO! YUH WALKED RIGHT INTUH A TRAP, HOMBRE—AN' YUH AIN'T GOIN' TUH GIT GIT OUT! DIDN'T KNOW I HAD SO MANY MEN WORKIN' FER ME, DID YUH?

THIS IS GREAT! DURANGO WAS THUH ONLY THING HOLDIN' US BACK— BUT NOW WE GOT HIM, WE KIN DO **ANYTHING!** WE'RE GOIN' TUH HIT AT THEM NESTERS ONCE MORE TONIGHT, WHILE THEY'RE OFF BALANCE, THEY WON'T BE EXPECTIN' IT—AN' THIS TIME WE RUN 'EM OUT FER GOOD! **TIE 'EM UP!**



WE'LL LEAVE THET NEW GUY BEHIND TUH GUARD DURANGO. KEEP A CLOSE EYE ON HIM, HOMBRE— HE'S SLIPPERY!... C'MON, MEN— THIS IS IT!



BUT DURANGO IS NOT UNPREPARED FOR THIS EMERGENCY. HE HAS A NEW RING-OF HIS OWN INVENTION! A SIMPLE TWIST OF THE FINGER AND IT POPS A TINY, RAZOR-SHARP BLADE...!

IT IS NOW AN EASY MATTER FOR DURANGO TO CUT THROUGH THE ROPES AROUND HIS WRISTS...

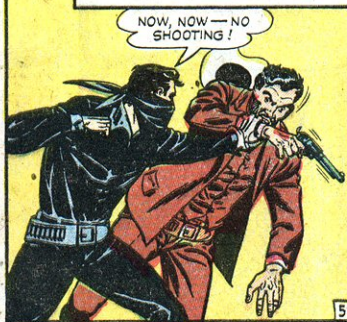
I SURE SEEM TO BE MAKING A RAT OUT OF MYSELF— THIS DURANGO SEEMS TO BE FIGHTING ON THE RIGHT SIDE! BUT— I GUESS I'M IN THIS TOO FAR TO TURN BACK NOW



THEN!

ALL RIGHT, MISTER— YOUR GUARD IS OVER! I'M TAKING CHARGE NOW....!

WHAT THE...!



NOW, NOW— NO SHOOTING!



THIS SHOULD TAKE CARE OF **YOU** FOR AWHILE! AS FOR **ME**...



...I HAVE SOME URGENT BUSINESS WITH A CERTAIN MR. BARON...HI, RAIDER, HERE, BOY—TWEEEEEEET!

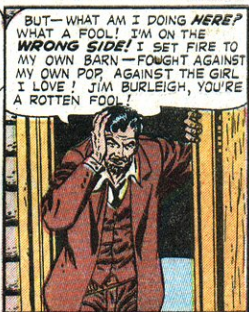


AS RAIDER'S HOOFS THUNDER AWAY INTO THE DISTANCE...

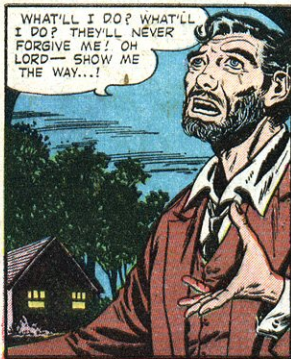
GROAN! OH, MY HEAD—WHAT A WALLOP! BUT—FUNNY THING—MY HEAD SEEMS CLEAR—THINGS COMING BACK... COMING BACK...



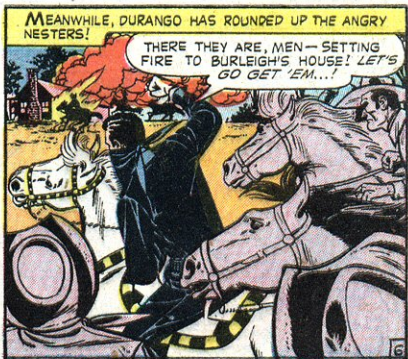
THE WAR...EXPLOSION... HOSPITAL...RED HOOK... BARON...I—I REMEMBER! THAT OLD MAN AND THAT GIRL I SAW TONIGHT—IT WAS—GLORY! I REMEMBER EVERYTHING!



BUT—WHAT AM I DOING **HERE**? WHAT A FOOL! I'M ON THE **WRONG SIDE**! I SET FIRE TO MY OWN BARN—FOUGHT AGAINST MY OWN POP AGAINST THE GIRL I LOVE! JIM BURLEIGH, YOU'RE A ROTTEN FOOL!



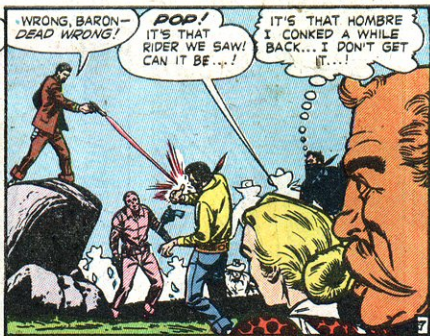
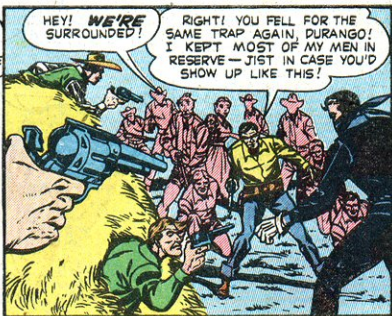
WHAT'LL I DO? WHAT'LL I DO? THEY'LL NEVER FORGIVE ME! OH LORD—SHOW ME THE WAY...!



MEANWHILE, DURANGO HAS ROUNDED UP THE ANGRY NESTERS!

THERE THEY ARE, MEN—SETTING FIRE TO BURLEIGH'S HOUSE! LET'S GO GET 'EM...!

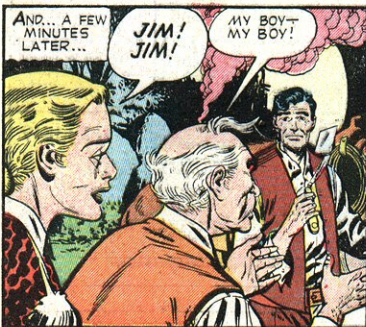
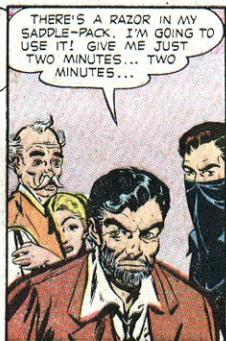
THE DURANGO KID



POP!
IT'S THAT
RIDER WE SAW!
CAN IT BE...!

IT'S THAT HOMBRE
I CONKED A WHILE
BACK... I DON'T GET
IT...!

THE DURANGO KID



Which of these 2 one WEAKLINGS PAID only a Few Cents?

to become an

"All-Around" HE-MAN at Home

WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

Larry Campbell

Rex Ferris

Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He Man!

Rex mailed me a coupon as below. He was a skinny bag of bones. Today he is tops in athletics, strength, business.

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